

"Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you."

Thornton Wilder
(1897-1983)
Our Town

Wednesday
November
1984

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WW telephoned at about 11:50 PM this eve. We have decided that he will not come here for Thanksgiving — "but possibly sometime for a day before the end of the year." That will be fine.

→ the answer, of course, is my uncommon ability to be alone by myself, and, at the same time, be perfectly happy. Part of the answer is my non-conciliatory stance devant le monde, surtout in regard to living accommodations. Part of the answer, the largest part of the answer, is my profession: writer/historian.

at the moment
8:30 AM — I have the most gratifying sensation of "having made it through the night." Very cold outside / very comfortable inside the tent; there are many winterization steps that I can yet take and as I have possibilities ahead of me that are to be explored / done to be opened. So that not what the human experience is all about / should be all about. Given the coldness, I was more or less expecting to get a substitute call ce matin. Not having received such a call, I shall have the opportunity to get several hours of P.N.-I-78 revision done.

at the moment I am listening to perfectly beautiful performances of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2. The performance, by V. Krennig & the Austrian Radio Symphony, is re-enforcing my firmly held conviction / belief that I am on the correct path, so to speak. WW almost always is miserable because of his job, his inter-personal relations, and so on and on, and yet he does not seem to be able to take action to "correct" the situation. SRP, on the other hand, very frequently / always seems to be able to liberate himself from the majority of the pieces that he monde / les autres placent devant lui. Why is that the case? Part of

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I have just now (11:30 A.M.) completed the installation of a most wonderful heating device: my desk / radiator. Here is what I have done — I have placed a black plaster "skirt" around my marble-topped desk and allowed only one opening — where I sit at the desk. I have, this morning, placed four sections of two by four under the legs of the desk, which allow me to roll the electric radiator under the desk. The heat from the radiator fills up ^{with heat} the cavity under the desk and at the same time there are two or 3 wonderful side-effects: (1) the excess heat from under the desk exits through / over / around me as I sit at the desk, which means ^{that when I am at my desk, I am} sitting in a constant flow of warm air; (2) the heat from under the 3/4" marble slab on top of the desk, roughly 30" x 48" inches, warms up the marble and makes it possible for me to write on the marble surface (even the new heating device / desk, the marble would be too cold to rest one's elbow & arm on as one wrote, for example); (3) the marble slab serves as a heat storage unit — the heated marble slab becomes a kind of second radiator. The arrangement is completely satisfactory and very exciting.

The sun is out very brightly at the moment — when I emerged from the tent ^{20 minutes ago} to get the plaster and the two by four pieces, I discovered, to my great pleasure that the temperature in the ^{great} hall (i.e. — the main sanctuary) was, according to the thermometer that was in the sunlight, 74°, which is 44° warmer than it was "out there" ce matin. I realize that the temperature